

The Lovely Mallincoort.

By HELEN MATTHEWS,
Author of "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro'
the Rye," "My Lady Green
Sleeves," Etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

"Rony," said Lesley when he joined her and it struck him that this was the first time she had thus addressed him, "will—will she be very angry, do you think? The man just danced off with me when I was trying her paces, and I didn't think—no more did she!"

She looked then as she had done on her arrival, apprehensive and proud and shy, all in one, and Rony's heart smote him. She had no mother, and a mother is able to teach her daughter so much and keep from her as much that she may not learn, and the girl had been thrown entirely among men; so much was apparent in her supreme mastery of their little ways and the lightness of her hand with them. Perhaps, if she had been constantly with nice women—But here she stopped, knowing that, in that case, the originality, the freshness of her mind would have been lost, and to Rony originally of character was the one precious mental good on earth.

"It is a pity," he began, then paused again. Really, for such a remarkably cool young man, Rony was getting himself into a good many holes that morning. "Would you like to have the man, Lesley?" he said in so reasonable and kind a voice that tears started into her proud eyes. "She isn't up to Yelverton's weight, I know, and no matter whether—to please you," he added, with a smile that made his glance pure sunshine.

"Oh, Rony!" exclaimed the girl, turning upon him a little face whose delicious glow of color dazzled his eyes. "How lovely that would be! I'll write home today and ask dad to buy her for me!"

"But I want her for myself," said Rony—Lesley's face fell—telling him he was not winning. "And, besides, I'll lead her to you. But, of course, I don't know if Yelverton will part with her till I've asked him."

Lesley leaned over and stroked Connetto's glorious neck, and when Lesley confidently informed her that she was much too beautiful to be ridden by a rude, cross, heavy man Rony smiled away the last remnants of his ill humor, and they arrived at Park lane in the best of spirits, a good deal to Lady Appuldurcombe's wrath, as she watched the return of the prodigal (for once, a female—why are most flagitious examples and emblems of rascaldom invariably of the masculine gender in grammar?) from the balcony.

Since Rony had rushed in to announce the full measure of Lesley's delinquencies and rushed out again to get a horse added to follow her mother's had been, enduring not one but nearly four shocking quarters of an hour, and now, chucking and cawing came home laughing, on the best of terms evidently with each other.

To an outsider it all looked so entirely right, the two young scoundrels, with the groom behind them, whose face wore that air of impenetrable calm peculiar to all well bred servants and only faintly to be irritated by their masters, though inside Carleton was one broad grin and wished the young lady well out of the "row."

Rony begged the girl off all he could. Still for a nasty five minutes Lesley's youth suffered eclipse and she winced under her aunt's reproach like a child who, not knowing the meaning of blows, suddenly finds them showered upon him by a hand that he trusted.

She made no defense. She shed no tears, and Rony admired her pluck heartily as she sat at table making a pretense of eating what was put before her, her proud little head held as high as ever, the only scrap of color in her face being her blue eyes.

Perhaps a little ache of jealousy in the mother's heart helped to harden it against the girl, for was not Rony hers, her very own boy, who had never left her like her other children, and now was she to lose all his time and company because Mallincoort had foisted on her a female scamp whose only accomplishment seemed to be in getting the length of every man's foot that approached her?

"Auntie," said Lesley very quietly when the servants had withdrawn, "I am going to write to father and ask him to let me go home. I don't want to disagree you any more."

Her voice was quite steady, and her eyes as she looked at her aunt were just as indomitable in their sheer, down-right, dogged British pluck as Rony's own at times. Indeed for a moment the scolding likeness flashed out between the scoundrels and Lady Appuldurcombe saw in, colored, wavered and suddenly faded. She was of a different order from Rony and Lesley and consequently much more easy to manage, a fact of which her servants took liberal advantage.

"Have we been so inhospitable, then?" said the poor lady and sank into tears behind her dinner napkin, which in her flurry she mistook for her pocket handkerchief. But Lesley jumped up so quickly as to upset her chair, and crying out "No, no, no!" threw her warm arms round her aunt's neck. "It isn't you—it is I—who have been mad and rude and wicked and got into muddles wherever I go!"

Rony softly closed the door on them, and as he did so heard his mother say plaintively:

"My dear, if only people did not know you as Lady Appuldurcombe's niece!" Whereupon she smiled, though there had been something suspiciously like moisture in his eyes just now.

Then he went round to the Rag, where he found Yelverton, looking miserable.

"I'm awfully sorry, Kilmurray," said that gentleman, with a good deal of color in his face. "The fact is the mare started of her own accord, and what could I do but follow? I ought to have said so. I suppose, but I felt uneasy at Miss Mallincoort's going into the park alone. I told the groom to come as sharp as possible, and he did."

Rony nodded, he looked quite normal, and he murmured self again, to Yel-

verton's intense relief.

"I suppose you wouldn't part with the mare?" he said tentatively.

Yelverton's face fell, and he hesitated. The mare was the apple of his eye, and only yesterday he would have refused a kingdom for her. Then he thought of how Lesley and she had looked together; of the girl's swaying figure, as, beneath the trees, she talked alternately to her admirers and Connetto, but he cleared his throat as he said:

"She's really not up to my weight, you know, and I shan't hurt this winter. Off to India, with some other fellows, shooting big game. I'll take a hundred for her, if you really fancy her."

But he spoke heavily, and Rony, as men will understand men, thoroughly understood him. After all, what was a girl's caprice to come between a man and that trusty friend, his horse? Lesley must make shift to do without her.

"That's unwise, Yelverton," said Rony. "She is worth at least 300 guineas, and I couldn't take her as a gift."

"And I say it is not a gift," said Yelverton stubbornly. "I'm pretty sure she's a bit groggy in that off leg. Did you notice? And you will really enter a personal favor on me by buying her. Stony broke, you know," he murmured.

"Money an object just now."

For half a minute the two looked straight into each other's eyes. Then Rony said kindly:

"So hard hit, old man? Well, then, if you'll take a couple of hundred, you'll lay me under no end of an obligation and make Miss Mallincoort supremely happy."

Then ensued a somewhat protracted and animated wrangle, but the end of it all was that Miss Connetto ate her corn in Rony Kilmurray's stables that night; also several pieces of sugar.

Lesley fell asleep happy, while Lady Appuldurcombe, waking frequently, congratulated herself on a scandal having been neatly nipped in the bud by Rony's admirable generalship.

And to all whom it might concern was made known in the park next morning that Rony Kilmurray had bought Yelverton's famous mare for his cousin, Miss Mallincoort, who liked her paces, while Rony added that Yelverton should not have parted with her under any consideration but that he was head over ears in love with the Mallincoort.

He certainly did wear the smartest waistcoats and own the best seat in the saddle in town.

CHAPTER VII.

"Heaven," said Lady Appuldurcombe to her old, crotchety, Lady de Salis, "must certainly be a place where there are no relations!"

And she glanced across to where, by the open bow window, Lesley, quite out of earshot, was drinking tea with Cynthia and talking with keenest interest to her companion, who on her side was smiling and without the weary air that usually distinguished her.

"Who is she going to marry?" said Lady de Salis, putting up her piece next to look at the pair. "Yelverton seems a little in advance of the rest. But the noble army of lovers swells daily."

"I don't know," said Lady Appuldurcombe. "I wish I did. It isn't how can ye gang lassie?" with her. "It's 'Where will ye gang, lassie?'—you see I can't help occasionally dropping into Scotch—and where she chooses to gang, she will gang, and there's an end of it."

"Console yourself," said Lady de Salis. "There are only three weeks more of the season. And where is Rony today?"

she added, with an effort, he being the one subject who was never discussed in plain calm between the two friends.

"Oh, horses, as usual. He can't keep out of the saddle, and I believe is going to ride some triumphant race at Sandown next week. He and Lesley are decidedly blood relations in one particular—they both prefer horses to humans. It's very trying for him that there are no nice means now worth mentioning, nothing before Danvers," added his mother, who would eternally have seen the reasons advanced or put back to please him.

"The consins seem to be great friends," said Lady de Salis, with something peculiar in her tone. "I seldom see one without the other nowadays."

"Rony is more at home than usual certainly," said Lady Appuldurcombe, hastily, "but that is only to help me look after her, because neither of us knows what she will do next! After her bawling that man's ears at Berkshire House the other night!"

"He is a nasty man!" said Lady de Salis, with a gesture and look of disgust. "All the other women, including Cynthia, had longed to do it, but they had not Lesley's courage. A few hundred girls like her would work a wholesome reformation in the men's manners, and unconventional as she is, from head to foot and in every word and action she is a thoroughbred, like all your family, Jane," she added, smiling.

"A back," Lesley was saying meditatively; "wouldn't it be nice to have an admirer who was a young back of the old school, white satin continuations, seals and embroidered waistcoat of the briefest, a rolled stock and a gorgeous coat, like the lovers in Marcus Stone's pictures?"

"They would usurp our privileges," said Cynthia, whose coldness was fast melting before Lesley's friendliness. "And think how it would look a woman's clothes if two sumptuous wardrobes had to be provided!"

"Well, the men are dreadfully morose," said Lesley, with a disinterested air. "If they would only wear red ties or something to prevent one's mistaking them for the waiters! And often the waiters look so much more like gentlemen than the real ones do! It's a treat to see a man in his racing colors. Are you going to see Rony ride at Sandown?" she added, looking away from Cynthia, who was beautiful today in a tawny pink morile gown that made one think of a softly glowing topaz as one looked at her.

"Does he ride?"

Cynthia's voice was steady, but into her dark eyes—

Where the warm light came to dwell, came the look that only Rony Kilmurray, out of all men living, had been able to bring there and bid stay.

"Yes, isn't it a pity he is crippled?" began he, the first gentleman rider in England, and because he just did his duty, it seems to me he is in danger of becoming a very selfish, disagreeable young man indeed."

"It isn't either of those things," said Cynthia, coloring and looking out at the park. "It is because he is such a splendid fellow all round. He is the very type of the best sort of Englishman."

"He is just an extremely clean looking, obstinate, high principled, material Briton," said Lesley, nodding. "And if some woman who didn't care a button for him flaked him into shape he might make a fairly decent husband to some other woman some day, but his mother and sisters have spoiled him, and he'll want no end of discipline first."

Lesley wagged her head with an air of the deepest conviction, and Cynthia's spirits flew up as she said, laughing:

"You know a great deal for 18, Miss Mallincoort."

"I'm 20. Auntie was a good bit out in my age, but it isn't necessary for me to disabuse her mind of the error. It's the country life I've led. And to do whatever you like, and how you like, and have no one to hamper or oppose you in any of your whims, is the finest recipe for bloom and good temper imaginable."

Cynthia sighed.

"We can't all let ourselves go," she said. "Some people have got to have self control, and once they've thoroughly learned that lesson," she added in a lower tone, "they have about learned all there is to know."

"I think I could learn that lesson, too, if I'd got to," said Lesley, with something strenuous in her young face and voice. "And I suppose I shall have to some day, for all the woman must, and the men, never!"

"Rony has learned it," said Cynthia. And Lesley longed to shake this glorious creature whom love had hobbled to the point of making herself cheap.

"And it is wise to tell him so?" she said. "You must keep a man hungry—hungry—or he will never do this best, or love you his best—never! A man's self control lasts just so long as he does not want a thing. He clamors and cries for it like a child when once his eyes have coveted it."

"How you hate men!" said Cynthia, under her breath.

"I do. Whenever I find a bad woman, I say, 'A bad man has passed by there!'" Lady Cranston says I am mad on that point, and they are all so good to me. But it isn't me! It's my little face! When it gets broad and middle aged, men's eyes will look past it, with their life long seeking for some delicate morsel to satisfy their pleasure!"

"But some men will love you for your heart—yourself!" cried out Cynthia, to whom this country girl was a revelation. "And you always look so boundlessly, intoxicatingly happy!"

"Yes, I am happy. But I go mad among the poor at Mallincoort. I see life, as it is, and perhaps for good, perhaps for ill—who knows—I have been the close companion for years of a woman who knows the world and men inside out for me like a glove, with every seam showing. So I have youth and no illusions."

"And, thus puzzled, your friend has let you forth as a scraggy on unkindly," said Cynthia, who had heard of Lesley's exploits in the country. "And yet—I am sorry!"

"Don't be!" cried Lesley earnestly. "I feel—I know—I shall come out all right in the end. Would you send a soldier unprepared into battle? And I find teaching invaluable now that dad has launched me on my relations in town."

They were so engrossed in each other that they did not hear the door open or see Rony, who stopped short at sight of Lady de Salis. But retreat was impossible, and having received that lady's cold salutations he advanced to the balcony, where a white and a topaz colored back just then presented themselves for his inspection.

They looked friendly, intimate even, those two girlish backs, and he surveyed one of them with that forcibly displayed only to repiles and the woman who has given him a love he does not want, that a strong man feels and displays in his inward shame and astonishment on occasions.

The weak man is flattered, he sometimes dandles with the suppliant and rewards the woman by becoming her tyrant. But the virile, selfish, masterful man will stoop to pick up no handkerchief dropped to him; he will throw his own where ever and however he just pleases, and usually it is picked up by the right woman.

It was Lesley who turned, feeling some one near her, and exclaimed tartly, "Why didn't you speak?" and looking so decidedly sorry to see him that Rony felt it a relief to turn to Cynthia, who, for once, showed no undue joy at his approach, though under the broad, black lace hat her face was full of most delicate color.

"We were abusing men," said Lesley calmly. "Did you—hear us?"

"Yet, though you desert, you cannot leave us alone," said Rony lightly. "We had exhausted chaffs, and when every other subject had been talked out the least interesting is bound to

know how—and Cynthia, shy and gentle, actually shone in comparison with her at that moment.

He turned to Cynthia now, asking some question about one of her brothers, and Lesley's eyes filled with satisfied mischief as she looked on—really, Cynthia was capable of being taught, after all!

Warmly, loyally, with that loyalty to her own sex that is rare in women, Lesley had espoused Cynthia's cause, and nothing would have given her greater pleasure than to see Rony brought to his knees and left lamenting there by the girl whose gift he had scorned.

"Mr. Yelverton!" announced Charville, who always looked like a handsome bishop in disguise, and Cynthia became aware that while actually standing in the flesh on the balcony beside her Rony's spirit was really in the room behind them, straining his ears to catch every word Roger Yelverton said and Lesley answered.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sighing, dying, languishing toward one man, as flowers at daybreak lean toward the sun, an audience, composed mainly of women, sat in one of the big drawing rooms of a house in Lancaster Gate and drank in the notes of his voice as he sang one of his own songs, which was of love, as indeed most of his songs were.

The man really was a thoroughly good fellow, a splendid son, a staunch friend and a born musician, but the crowd of women, not of the first order, who prostrated themselves before him had begun in him a profound contempt for the whole sex, that showed in every line of his face as his arrogant eyes, with that knock of rolling upward which made most men long to kick him, wandered over the silly, fluttering, adoring crowd spread out before him.

"It makes one's blood boil!" Look at that girl. Her very hairpins are falling out!" said Lesley in a fierce aside to Roger Yelverton, whose black coat was the only one in the row of chairs where they sat. "Such a man could not be a woman had not made him what he is! Yet there's something vacant, human, magnetic about him."

She spoke slowly, studying the singer very intently.

"And if he got his hair cut and didn't roll up his eyes?" She paused, then said, looking really tragic, "After all, I do believe there is a class of women who like being—kicked!"

"My dear!" said Lady Appuldurcombe, who, on her other side, had caught the words and looked alarmed, for Lesley had been so good the last few days that a burst out in the wrong direction seemed to be inevitable.

"They're very funny," said Yelverton, shaking his smooth, fair head. "Something in a man catches their vanity, or their fancy, or taste, and off they go—you can't stop 'em! But a man must give out somehow that he doesn't mind being adored, like this fellow, just as another man, without saying a word, refuses, like Rony, now, for example. Where would he be if, with all his fame, he—er—er—"

"Encouraged us?" said Lesley dryly. "But Rony is not a lovable person. He has not large"—she extended her hands in a sweep—"all embracing, grand ways. He does not roll his eyes or make a point of saying, 'I love you.' Instead of 'How do you do?' She stopped to laugh. "He is one of your concentrated, deeply retired, Brand's essence sort of person, is Rony?"

"All the better for the woman he marries," said Rony, manfully, for he carried a very sore heart about with him in these days, only occasionally healed over by such a happy position as he found himself in just now. "When a man like that does fall in love—"

"Ah, when?" said Lesley partly. "That will be when cap and pigskin have vanished off the face of the earth—not before. A little less than his horse and denser than his dog, you know?"

She spoke discreetly low, for Lady Appuldurcombe was on her other side, though just then in deep conversation with a distant relative, Mrs. Fauc.

Roger Yelverton stole a glance at the girl's mischievous face as she sat beside him. He never could quite make up his mind whether he liked her best in his fresh morning gown of cambric, or her foamy ball gown, or riding Capetote—his two darlings, as in his heart he called them—er as she looked here, all in white, with broad sleeves of exactly the same color as her wonderful eyes and "finished" with all those little misadventures of a young girl's dress that are so grotesque on older women.

Her mouth had fallen into these curves that would have been petulant with a weaker character, and her round, firm chin came boldly out a little in advance of the tip of her small, straight nose, that had the proudly cut accents peculiar to brave, sensitive temperaments.

"Did you ever see such a room?" she said, glancing round at the pink satin panels, heavily incised in gilding, that

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JOHN ALDERSON.

MERCHANT TAILOR

17 Mill Street.

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Underwear, Walking Coats

Locally. Every description made to order

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Reasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be

found in Rhode Island and New York, at 10

percent less than our regular prices. This

we do in order to make room for our Spring

and Summer styles, which we will receive

about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of

our goods to be the best and to give general

satisfaction.

McLENNAN BROTHERS,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A Newport Leader!

I combine style, fit, wear and quality, and

you can buy it for \$2.

To see this show is to buy it. To buy it is to

like it. To like it is to make friends and cus-

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We know it, but we want you to know it.

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All Sorts.

"I am going to Newport. You may never see me again." "Then I'll be ten dollars."

"What do you think of my portrait?" "Sincerely, it is not beautiful, but the likeness is perfect."

"Doctor, I work like an ox, eat like a bear, and am tired as a dog." "Consult a veterinary surgeon."

Asking for information: "Have you heard our new book?" "No, what does it do?" "Why, he sings beautifully." "Oh, musical, is he?"

Jason—"That is your room, you room-mended is not a man of his word." "What does he do?" "He told me to talk freely to him, and look at the bill he sent me."

She—"I wish you would make Tom minkish up straight on his bicycle. He'll have curvature of the spine." He—"Oh, that's all right. He's getting in good shape for strolling now."

Old Lady—"That parrot I bought of you is dreadful language." Bird Dealer—"Ah, mum, you should be very careful what you say to it; it's astonishing how quick these birds pick up anything."

"What is the use of all this nonsense of having seconds, and all that, when two men want to fight a duel? Why don't they get together and fight it out?" "Oh, the seconds are useful to notify the police."

Mabel (all agitated)—"Marie, what do you think? Your brother actually proposed to me during the sermon at church, this morning." Marie (nonchalantly)—"Oh, you mustn't mind that; he often takes in his sleep."

"Well, Johnny, how do you like the school?" "Oh, der school's all O. K.; but der teacher doesn't know nothing." "Doesn't know anything? Why do you say that?" "Cause she's always askin' questions."

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" "I love Charlie." "I love papa more." "Charlie? I thought you loved me most." "Charlie? Can't help it, mamma. We men must hold together."

Buzzy—"Didn't Wiggins forget his lines at the amateur theatricals last evening?" Baxter—"Not he, only got them mixed up a little. Instead of saying, 'I hear the tramp of approaching footsteps,' he said, 'I hear the foot-steps of approaching tramps.'"

New Chairman—"Are there really so many mice in this house?" Cook—"Of course not. I was determined, however, that mice should get a taste. You see, I'm a young man who calls on me pretty often, and we must be able to account in some way for the food I give him."

"That boy," said the schoolmaster, "makes more trouble than all the others put together." "Always in some sort of mischief, is he?" "Always. And that isn't the worst of it, either. He is always getting the other boys into trouble, too. You'll readily understand what kind of boy he is when I tell you that I call him the walking delegate."

From the court room: Judge—"Prisoner, did you commit the burglary alone, or with the help of others?" Prisoner—"With the kind help of the 38th Regiment." Judge—"Well, you see, Judge, the band made a bait, and all the people in the house went to the front to listen, so that I worked quite undisturbed in the back."

Recipes for the Table.

VANILLA CREAM SAUCE.—Beat to a cream three tablespoonfuls of butter, and gradually beat in this two-thirds of a cupful of powdered sugar. When this is light and creamy, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, then gradually beat in two cupfuls of whipped cream. Place the bowl in a pan of boiling water, and stir constantly for three minutes. Pour the sauce into a warm bowl, and serve.

BEF STEAK PUDDING.—Line the pudding dish with crust made of chopped suet and flour mixed with water, simply rolled out. Cut up a pound of round steak sprinkled with flour, pepper and salt, chop a small onion fine, put all into the lined basin, add a cupful of water, cover over with the suet crust, and tie in a well-floured cloth, put the basin lid downwards in a saucepan of boiling water, leave lid off saucepan, let it boil two and a half hours.

QUEEN FITTERS.—To make the batter for queen fritters, which is the same as that for eclairs and cream puffs, put two cupfuls of butter and half a cup of water on the fire. When it boils add half a pint of flour, stir and cook for just one minute. Remove from the fire and break in four eggs, one at a time, and beat each in thoroughly before adding the next. When all have been added, beat vigorously for about five minutes. Then scrape the sides of the pan and drop the batter by teaspoonfuls into boiling fat. As it is necessary that it should cook thoroughly, however, do not make the fat quite so hot as for croquettes and cooked meats. Allow the batter to swell and cook a little more slowly, and the fritters will emerge a delicious golden brown. Serve sprinkled with powdered sugar flavored with vanilla powder.

CARVING THE GOOSE.—One must learn, first of all, to carve neatly, without scattering crumbs or splashing gravy over the cloth or platter; also to cut straight, uniform slices. Be careful to divide the material in such a manner that each person may be served equally well. Lay each portion on the plate with the browned or best side up. An essential to easy carving is that the platter be large enough to hold not only the fowl or joint whole, but also the several portions as they are detached. The platter should be placed near the carrier so he may easily reach any part of it. All skewers and strings should be removed before the dish is brought to the table.

Breeding and Feeding Dairy Cows.

Some of the problems of dairy management were treated in a very interesting manner by Mr. C. E. Chapman of Providence, N. Y., in a recent address.

There are two ways of getting a cow, said the speaker. Buy or breed. Buy a cow, and you are sure to get a good one, and not get stuck with a colorant quantity of milk given is no criterion of value. You cannot alter the percent of fat by feeding. The farmer will not sell his best cow, and one is compelled to pay an exorbitant price for "a top class" or "second class" cow.

The better way is to breed them. Although it has been said the bull is half the breed, the speaker would pay more attention to the dam than to the sire. The sire gives form, often color; the dam the maternal functions and instincts. "Old Brindle," bred to a grandly good bull, will give a grand heifer. Breed this heifer to a bull from same dam, but another sire, and get more of "Old Brindle." In this way you will get cows that will be strong in their own characteristics that a poor calf will be the exception.

THE LOVELY MALINCOURT.

(Continued from second page.)

decorated the walls, and the massive silver gilt coffee and tables in the window; the mantel board, also gilt, supporting ornate candelabra, and more gilt necessities. "How thankful we ought to be that the hostess has not gilt the cut glass chandeliers!"

"I am afraid of you," said Roger, laughing. "Do I not see Cynthia de Salis near off?"

"Yes; isn't it horrid? We quite expected to sit together."

"You are great friends, you two," said Roger, with a certain wonder that he felt unable to hide.

"Yes; I'm esteeming her," said Lesley, turning a saucy young face round on him.

And so she was, though the name of Ronny Kilmer, who casually, was never even mentioned between them.

"She's years older than you are!" blurted out Roger, who often found it difficult to reconcile Lesley's distracting youth with the extreme agelessness of her conversation.

"She is 25, and she has wasted four whole years of her life and hasn't waste any more," said Lesley enigmatically, though she often said to Yvelton things she never dreamed of saying to any one else. He was so safe, dependent, something like Bob, as men often are like one another, much oftener than women are like women.

"Did you see her snub Ronny yesterday?" said Lesley in great delight. "I never saw a man look so astonished in all my life. If only he had been taken in hand earlier!" And Lesley sighed as if she had been bringing up men in the way they should go ever since she was born.

"You're fearfully down on us poor devils," said Roger, with the air of having discovered something quite original and greatly calculated to astonish her.

"When I have been married 50 years to one man, and he loves me as much as on the day he married me, in spite of tempers and fat or lean, the loss of any charm I ever possessed, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, I'll believe in a man's love, and not before," said Lesley decidedly.

"There are plenty of men who would do that," said Roger eagerly. "Nothing will ever rid you of your 'ways,' Miss Malincourt, or— But in his excitement he had raised his voice, and a soft 'Sh-sh' here cut him short.

The conversation had by no means proceeded unintercepted, but in tags and scraps between the coming and going of those artists who divided with the composer the honors of the after-noon.

He was now on the platform, and all the women's heads and bodies were slanting one way toward him, as you will see a row of trees on the seacoast most exposed to the fury of the gales permanently forced out of the perpendicular for all time by the wind.

"There is immense vitality in that man," said Lesley when he had thrown a last look of pity around, and the bent backs and vaporing faces were straightening themselves with a long drawn sigh. "Do you see how crisply his hair curls? Hair is an infallible guide to temperament."

"Then I've got none at all," said Roger, smoothing the top of his head, "for mine is as straight as—as tallow candles and much the same color," he added ruefully.

"Is it nearly over?" said Lesley, looking round. "And don't you think that concerts and— and loads of silver gilt are conducive to an extremely elevated style of conversation?"

On her other side Lady Appuldurcombe was saying in ruffled but extremely low accents, close to Mrs. Paul's ear:

"You got an entirely wrong account, my dear; it was not nearly so bad as her boxing the duke's ears, after all. Lesley was being lightly stalked down by the man, who, for all his position, has no business at all in society, though it does consist of the best and the worst to the world, you know. He has the reputation of forcing himself on any woman he admires, the more especially if she does not admire him. Well, he came up to Lesley the other night and held out his hand, when she had already passed him without recognition. Everybody was looking and scented mischief because, as Ronny says, in the shocking slang of the day, 'She makes us all pull our socks up,' and when Lesley looked at the man, she looked like Ronny does when he is roused, and nothing will move him. She was just turning to me, when the great bully came back, bringing his hostess, who said, with perfect unconsciousness of the situation, 'Miss Malincourt, permit me to introduce to you Sir Graham Dashwood.'"

"Lesley had a big faw of crimson roses in her hand, and for a moment I thought she would have struck him across the face with it, she was so transported with anger; then, 'I have twice tonight refused the honor of this man's acquaintance,' she said, and all the women who had been run down and insulted by the brute (even my dear) looked as if they could have clapped their hands and kissed her!"

"And what did he do to her?"

"Slunk away, and he will never be admitted to that house, and a good many others, again. But you will admit that it is rather—rather—for a chapman, you know."

"Oh, very. But it's extraordinary how women like her, considering how wild the men are about her. I see she and Cynthia are great friends. I hear some news about the latter. Is it true?"

"That she is going to take Cynthia at last, and she can't do better. He has been very patient."

"I only hope it may be true," said Lady Appuldurcombe slowly, but with a vague feeling of slight to Ronny, as if some one had flattered from him a jewel he did not value, but yet was his.

"And I suppose that is a match, too?" said Mrs. Fane, looking at Lesley and

Yvelton, who had the air of thoroughly good comrades as they talked together.

"Oh, dear, no! There isn't young man in the country," said Lady Appuldurcombe in an unobtrusive way, for she was asking herself, "Was this another of Miss Lesley's tricks?" And, if so, was she getting Cynthia out of the way because she wanted Ronny for herself?

And Ronny? She knew that he had very decided views of what a young English maiden, strictly brought up, should be, and into the face of every one of his prejudices, great and small, deliberate or flow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARBOR LIGHTS.

How the Entrance to New York Bay Is Illuminated.

The entrance to New York harbor is illuminated at night like a city street, as each of the spar buoys along the Gedney channel carries an electric light.

The current for these lights, as well as for some others farther up the harbor, is furnished from a generating station at Sandy Hook. Part of the lights are supplied with a continuous current at 160 volts by means of nearly two miles of cable, consisting of a single conductor of seven stranded copper wires of No. 18 gauge, covered with an insulator and protected by a double armor of steel wire. The buoys along the Gedney channel are furnished with an alternating current at 1,000 volts, probably the first instance in which such a current has been used for this purpose.

In the manufacture of the six miles of cable for these lights the use of iron as an armor had to be discarded, as with the effects of self induction were too pronounced. Accordingly the armor employed is No. 18 gauge hard drawn copper wire, the conductor consisting of seven stranded copper wires of similar gauge. Gutta percha is the insulator.

The conversion of the alternating current from 1,000 volts in the primary current to 160 volts for the lamp circuit is effected in a small transformer of 600 watts capacity fitted inside the head of the wooden buoy. Each is mounted in a strong water-tight case, which is filled with heavy oil as an additional insulation. The lamps are of 100 candle power each, and are set at the top of the buoy. They are protected by heavy bell glass globes, and are about five inches in diameter. The buoys in which these lamps are fixed are large spars from 80 to 70 feet long, each anchored to the bottom by a hollow cast iron block shaped like a mushroom and weighing about 5,000 pounds.

A PLAGUE OF PARIS.

The Wild Dogs of the Days of the Reign of Terror.

So many startling events happened from day to day during the reign of

Saturday, June 4.

Sunday, Jan. 6.

—Hope for success of popular loan not strengthened.—England to send reinforcements to South Africa.—J. E. Burke re-elected superintendent of schools at Lawrence, Mass.—Cuban insurgents reported to be in sight of Habana.—Price of bismuth ore to be increased.—Steamer Dominion, beached at Berehaven, Ire., badly damaged.—Re-signation of members of Canadian premier's cabinet scored by Liberal leaders.—State Attorney Doolittle of New Haven arrested.—Canadian of Iron.—Governor of Massachusetts.—Commissioner of Nathan, N. H., confirmed.—Barnett tendered to Governor Collins of Connecticut in New York.—H. H. Holmes got a continuance on his appeal from conviction.—McGough sticks to his confession of the killing of Robert Ross of Troy, N. Y.—Fatal shooting affair at a wedding at Waterbury, Conn.—All the old city officials at Newport, R. I., re-elected save one.—Deadlock in the Everett (Mass.) board of aldermen over the choice of president.—Lord Drummond said to have lost cattle in England.—T. W. Douglas of Peru, has a defaulting banker, arrest him.—Cambridge, N. C.—The hotel hotel keeper is going to oppose the prohibition law.—For liquor licenses in New York city raised to the top notch.—England claims the Island of Trinidad as her own property, giving that as reason of refusal to arbitrate.—Mills (Mass) Savings bank closed by order of bank commissioners.—Montreal to have a \$6,000,000 bridge.—Charges against the Manchester (N. H.) police commissioners forwarded to the governor.—Frank Williams, at Providence, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for manslaughter.—America's annual committee report distributed among members of New York Yacht club.—Another Brooklyn bridge at New York.—New Hampshire and Ohio railroad to hold.—Consolidation of rail societies in New York under way.—Scientist has discovered a light which will permeate wood or flesh.—Anti-Platt Republicans of New York city decided not to bolt it present.—Increasing vessels at Boston coated with ice for 20 feet above the water.—Italy's hold on Abyssinia regarded in St. Petersburg as extremely tenuous.—New York police commissioners are not alarmed at the alleged increase of crime.—English capitalists said to consider the report of the Nicaragua commission unfair and absurd.—The Internal revenue collections of New Hampshire forprising \$700,000.—New Hampshire's membership an increase of \$1000 in January over the same month in 1891.—Eastern freight rates to be advanced.—John Evans & Son, Providence, manufacturers of steam heaters, assigned. The amount of assets and liabilities are unknown.

Tuesday, Jan. 8.

—Lord Salisbury notifies the German government that Great Britain will maintain rights in the Transvaal at all costs.—Indications that bond issue will go to a New York syndicate.—Lynn (Mass.) liquor squad abolished.—One consignment of coal being shipped from Alaska to Norfolk for export.—New York railroads all show increased earnings for the past year.—More evidence of police corruption in Philadelphia.—Vermont hotel men organized to fight the prohibitory law.—Woman made clerk of the Kentucky assize.—Attempt to form a cat and wren trust proved fatal.—Inventor of new offers to compromise in his laws.—Francis Schumacher at Watertown, Mass., dedicated.—Thomas G. Platt in Washington in the interests of Governor Morton.—Now phosphate fields in Germany will add to France's wealth.—Boston country roads.—Warfare of Boston country of nearly \$200 by a mule and a young man whom he mistreated.—Explosion in the Tinney Winery at Grapelo Creek killed two men.—Rev. John B. Hustad, the oldest member of the New England M. E. conference died at Watertown, Mass. He was born at Alford, Dec. 31, 1804.

Friday, Jan. 10.

—General Gomez says that a desire to liberate Spanish troops and insurgents will be fought in a few days.—Woman suffocated and another fatally injured at a fire in Lynn, Mass.—Abyssinians repulsed by the Italian troops.—press of Caracas, Venezuela, demand the government send troops to the Guian frontier.—Resolution relative to exclusion of British outposts on Venezuelan frontier introduced in the house.—General Eastern's expedition captured off Cape Antonio, Costa Rica.—Premier Lord Russell of Great Britain.—Premier Lord A. deen invited that he is not ready to receive it.—General Sforzato arrested.—Venezuelan authorities, accused of being mixed up in the latest rebellion.—Spanish cabinet decided not to accept Capt. General Campos' resignation.—Belgium Berlin that an amicable settlement of Transvaal question is also at hand.—Russia offers to give unlimited anchorage Russian warships in all harbors of Japan.—Death of E. B. Wright, Boston journalist, at Washington.—A. A. Burleigh appointed sole receiver for northern Pacific railroad.—Marriage of ex-President Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick will take place in the near future.—Rumor that William K. Vanderbilt is engaged to a well-known society lady.—Rumor that August Der Indershausen has been found guilty of Dr. J. Moore of Manchester, N. H. Fifteen new schoolhouses built in Lynn last year.—One man killed by collapse of a bridge near Bradford, St. Swensen Richard Peck struck a sun-wreck in the sound.—Thirty months on the Russian steel cruiser Rurik executed.—Thomas G. Platt says error Morton's presidential campaign means business.—Philadelphia to lead away industry—the manufacture of railway cars.—Society for the Protection of Crime lands the New York police commissioners there are 10,992 females than males in New York.—Architect's estimate being made for erection of a new Masonic temple at ton on the present site.

Hartford Statistics.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 8.—The official catalogue of Harvard college shows that the total number of undergraduates is 369, against 337 a year ago. In the college there are 171 students against 167 in 1891. Divided among professional schools are the following numbers of students: Law school, 45; dental school, 340; graduate school, 235; divinity school, 41; law school, 45; dental school, 102; medical school, 331; veterinary school, 35; Bussey Institute, 15. Total number in the university is 1,092, against 1,075 in 1891.

Total Result of Fire in Lynn.

LYNN, MASS., Jan. 10.—A fire here originated from some unknown cause, a French restaurant, known as "Le Petit," at 235½ Market street, burning down, the death, by suffocation, of one inmate, a woman, and another who was probably fatally injured while attempting to escape. She was removed to a hospital, where no hopes of her recovery are entertained.

PATENT

PLUG

FOR IOO

A STRONG DENIAL.

President Made No Arrangement With Syndicate.

A Letter to Senator Caffery Lucidly Explains the Administration's Attitude on the Bond Issue.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—[The debate on the Elkins resolution in the senate last Friday, when the administration was accused by several senators of having entered into an agreement with a syndicate to float the expected issue of bonds, is the subject of a letter written by President Cleveland to Senator Caffery (La.)]

The knowledge that such a letter had been addressed to Mr. Caffery was obtained last night, and the letters were made public by the latter. It is in the handwriting of the president and covers six pages of closely written note paper. It is in full as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.

MY DEAR SENATOR:—I have read today in the Congressional Record the debate in the senate on Friday concerning the financial situation and bond issues. I am amazed at the intemperance that leads even excited patriotism to adopt as a basis of attack the unfounded accusations and assertions of a malicious and malicious and sensational newspaper.

No banker or financier, nor any other humane being, has been invited to visit Washington for the purpose of arranging in any way of manner for the disposition of funds to meet the present or future needs of the gold reserve. No arrangements of any kind have been made for the disposition of such funds to any syndicate or through the agency of any disinterested person.

No occurrence of such a disposal of bonds has been directly or indirectly given to any person in point of fact, a decided leaning towards popular loan and advertising for bids had been plainly exhibited on the part of the administration at all times when the subject was under discussion.

Those charged with the responsibility of maintaining our gold reserve, so far as legislation renders it possible, have anxiously conferred with each other, and, as occasion permitted, with those having knowledge of financial affairs and present monetary conditions, as to the best and most favorable means of selling bonds for gold.

The annual importance of a successful result, if the attempt is again made, ought to be apparent to every American citizen who believes in the maintenance of the national credit. The thought, "the secretary of the treasury, from the first moment that the necessity of another sale of bonds seemed to be approaching, desired to offer them," if issued to the people, is a public advertisement that the nation is unable to successfully dispose of its debt.

After full consideration he came to the conclusion, to which I fully agree, that the amount of gold in the reserve, being now \$30,000,000, would be exhausted in February next, when a sale of bonds was made to a syndicate, and the conditions differing from those then existing justified us in offering the bonds now about to be issued for sale by popular subscription.

This is the right matter; and all those patriotic Americans could have easily obtained the same number of the senate by simple inquiry.

If Mr. Morgan, or any one else reasoning from his own standpoint, brought himself lengthened contrived to obtain sell bonds to a syndicate, I suppose he would have a perfect right, if he chose, to take such steps as may seem prudent to put himself in condition to negotiate.

I expect an issue of bonds will be advertised for sale tomorrow, and that bids will be invited, not only for three months' allowance, but for each other and different lengths of time, but no authority during the pending of the advertisement.

Nor having had an opportunity to confer with you in person since the present session of congress began, and studying your participation in the debates of last Friday, I thought it not wise to put you in possession of the facts and information herein contained.


Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Never Returned.

GLEUCESTER, MASS., Jan. 10.—Another staunch vessel and her crew have sailed from this port never to return. School J. H. Carey left Liverpool, for the Straits Banks, touched at Auger Point, N. S. A. James, touched at August Point, N. S. A. Hopkins against hope, the vessel's owner, Oakes & Foster, have given her up as lost. The crew lists contained 13 names.

FIRST OF INNOCENCE OF NO AVAIL.
BOSTON, Jan. 8.—The superior court reiterated the exceptions taken by Patrick Sullivan, Patrick J. Foley and Correll Nagle, convicted of murdering Duroy Foster of Billerica, Sept. 11, 1891, and the men must serve their life sentences. They still protest their innocence and ho-

**GREAT BIG
PIECE
OF**




TAX

CENTS

ALL GREENWAY MEN.

Continuations For the Manitoba Election Result In the Premier's Favor.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 9.—Premier Greenway caught the first round, in the school fight yesterday, and was a winner by a score of 100-0. It was nomination day in Manitoba for the general election, and eight of premier Greenway's supporters were elected by acclamation on the national dooks platform.



PREMIER GREENWAY.

The chief surprise of the day was the retirement of W. E. Luxton, one of the separate school candidates, from the contest in Winnipeg. Mr. Luxton is absent on the Pacific coast, and wired that he could not reach Winnipeg in time to conduct an election campaign, and therefore retired.

IN CONGRESS.

Continued Report of Proceedings of the Fifty-fourth Session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The senate agreed to adjourn until Tuesday next, Mr. Morrell expressing the hope that at that time the finance committee would be able to report both the bond and tariff bill of the house. The house recessed and adjourned until Monday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The senate not being in session, all the interest in legislative matters was concentrated in the house, where there was some expectancy that there might be a flurry of some kind in connection with the 32-day call for loan of \$1,000,000 4 per cent bonds. No public reference, however, was made to the subject. After some preliminary routine business the house adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The free silver bill was reported in the senate as a substitute for the house bond bill. Senator Chandler caused a lively discussion on a popular loan scheme of his own. Senator Vest replied to Senator Sherman's recent financial speech.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The Republican caucus, after a very stormy session, agreed to instruct the finance committee that the Dingley tariff bill be reported without amendments and passed in that form.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Resolutions were introduced in the senate against any foreign power acquiring territory on this hemisphere and a line the president to see if England had renounced in Venezuela, and if so, to stop it.

An Interesting Note.

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 8.—Albert Pinder was elected superintendent of the city farm Monday, and yesterday he put in appearance at the institution to take possession. Superintendent Cornelius Collins declined to vacate, as he was reelected by the old board of overseers last week. The city solicitor informed Mr. Collins that he must vacate, although if he was legally in possession he could draw his salary for the year. The case will be taken into the courts.

11

Looks and Acts

Like an Expensive Watch.

Appearance, time and durability are all there, yet it costs only \$4 to \$15 in many styles.


The Quick-winding Waterbury.

[illegible]

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We have just received a car of
Minneapolis Flour Made in
ALMOND * M
made at Minneapolis, Minnesota, for
HARD WHEAT
order to obtain the best results
than flour made from softer whe
per barrel
the flour and knead it well and
The Best Bread in the
Samples of this Flour given FREE at
P. H. HORG
PHONE. 224 T

Advertisements.



THE TEBBETTS
CO.,
Coats & Furs,
125 WESTMINSTER STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JAL
DUCTION

offer at this time our whole
Fine Cloaks and Furs at a
reduction. The prices are
set, all must be sold. Many
e garments have been es-
made for this sale, and are
newest and best styles. We
e Cloaks. We guarantee
ll wear well. What we tell
can depend upon. Ladies'
e, Handsome Rough Cloths,
rants, Ripple Backs, \$5,
\$10, \$12.50, \$15, that sold
able these prices. Ladies'
in plush cloth and brocade,
\$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, both
and Fur Trimmed. The best
eapest assortment we have
his season. Our Furs are
for wearing well and being
e. We keep only the kind
e warrant. The prices are
west ever known for Fine
Children's Cloaks at half
\$5 to \$15. A good Mackin-
e warranted, at \$5. Now and
eome Silk Waists and Sepa-
eirts, \$5 each and upwards.

Sign of The
at White Bear,
UTTLER EXCHANGE.

Are Always Here.

we sell you jewelry of any kind,
\$7.50, find anything wrong with
you know where to come with
e complaint. We tell you just
et we think the quality is, it
e the difference the quality is
e better. This is true—no mat-
e what you buy.

Watches.
e biggest line in the city and from
\$2.50 up.

able Silver Ware.
New patterns just received, in
POONS, FORKS
and all ware.

Novelties
to structure to receive, at
DENHAM'S,

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Miscellaneous.

R. W. Curry,

Contractor & Builder.

JOBING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.
Estimates given on all work when desired.
Carpenter Shop—11 MILL STREET
RESIDENCE—HOFFMAN PLACE.
618

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.

OF EAST BERLIN, CONN.

—Do Sell You a—

GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF.

For 2-1/2 in. per 4 in. foot.

Write for Particulars.

HERBS.

All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on hand.

Enterprise Store.

No. 64 Thames St.

In quantities from one ounce upwards, we have stock will be prepared at short notice.

N. B.—These have been selected with care by experienced herbalists, and are warranted.

J. W. HORTON & CO.

Broadway Market.

MEATS

and

Groceries.

Poultry

Game,

Vegetables,

Fruits

and

Canned Goods.

No. 2 BROADWAY,

NEWPORT, R. I.

PIANOS

TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER,

CREAM WOVE AND LAID, A

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organ

John Rogers,

210 THAMES ST.

The Best is the Cheapest

The Diamond C

KAMS,

SHOULDER,

AND

BACON

Anchored from R. I.

Tuck and Corn Cobs.

Smoked, and are the best.

For Sale at

COGGESHALL'S MARKET.

244 Washington Square, and 131

Thames Street.

California Wines,

Tokay, Port & Sherry,

Very rich and at the low price of

\$1.50 per gallon.

Old Zinfandel, at 70 cts. gallon.

Riesling and Elck, at 75 cts. gallon.

Full line of Fine Liquors.

ERNEST VOIGT,

539 Thames Street.

Agent for James E. Ryan's Canada

Whisky and Ale.

Printing

OF EVERY

KIND

Done in the best manner, at the lowest price, and at the shortest notice.

Mercury Office,

182 THAMES ST.

Furniture.

OLD OAK

Chamber Set,
Wire SpringsSOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00.

BRYER'S.

PACKING.

FURNITURE, CROCKERY,

BRICK-BRAC, PICTURES and

STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed.

All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a fine line of

Modern and Antique Furniture,

Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,

42 CHURCH STREET.

J. W. HORTON, F. A. WARD.

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

16 Franklin St., Newport, R. I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

Aluminum Ware,

a large new stock just in.

Baby Carriages,

best selection in the city.

W. K. COVELL'S,

163 THAMES STREET.

J. T. MARTIN,

BOTTLER,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

and agent for

LEAVY & BRYTON'S CAN-

ADA MALT ALES and

THE CELEBRATED

WHITCHER LAGER

553 THAMES ST., COR. 5th AVE.

5th and 6th Aves., Tel. 312-1

11-12

BOOTS.

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices,

M. S. HOLMES,

186 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

REMOVAL.

I have a few

little babies, and am

willing to sell them for

this, and so could other

motherless women.

I was a victim of

female troubles.

Lavinia E. Pink-

ham cured me.

Mrs. Geo. C.

Pinkham, 351 Snodgrass

Ave., Brock-

lyn, N. Y.

STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD

THE SCIENCE

OF LIFE

W. H. PARKER, M. D., a full and complete

textbook on the science of life, and the

science of health, and the science of

disease, and the science of cure, and the

science of prevention, and the science of

cure, and the science of prevention, and the

science of cure, and the science of prevention,

and the science of cure, and the science of prevention,

Major's Address.

A—1 am in a tight place.

B—What's the matter now?

"I have not to raise \$50 of 8 o'clock

tomorrow."

"Why do you need precisely \$50?"

"I have to pay a \$100 note in bank,

and I've got the other dollar."

The tone of the Major's class at the

Sunday-school, to interest the little

ones, has been to tell the story of the

fall of man, when a wife of a girl was

said to exclaim, half aloud: "Oh, I'm

in a tight place, that story about the

Adam's."

Daughter—This place is really my

very own, isn't it, pa?—Pa Yes, my

darling. And when I marry I can take

my wife here. "Certainly, my child, but

don't tell anybody it might spoil your

chances."

Miss Antiqua—People are always

talking of self-made men. I wonder

why they never speak of self-made

women? Miss Antiqua—Because a self-

made woman generally doesn't like to

have it known.

Circled at an elevation of thirteen

thousand feet, even though they are

reputed to have "nine lives" when on

a level with the ocean. Dogs and men

can climb the greatest natural

elevations.

In this enthusiasm Judge (to his

own)—"Why did you take all this

money, and leave the basket of silver?"

Prisoner—"Because I was too heavy."

Judge (loudly)—"Aren't you ashamed

of yourself, you lazy man?"

"I think Jim is one of the most

generous men I ever met." "Yes, but

in his own generosity he has become a

disagreeable quality." "How do you

mean?" "He is forever giving himself

away."

Waiter (to guest who is absorbed in

the menu)—"What do you wish to eat,

please?" The Absent Minded Profes-

sor—"I haven't time to talk now. Ask

me after dinner."

Rad hair is a scientific authority,

of that color because it has in its com-

position a larger proportion of sulphur

than black hair.

When a man once engages in the busi-

ness of admiring himself and suspecting

his neighbors he becomes a nuisance

to the community.

He—Tudor, dear, this kiss tells

you all I have to say. Have you under-

stood me? She—Oh, please, say it

again.

"Tore up your references! Why, you

must have been crazy." "Share and

you wouldn't have thought so if you

had seen the references."

Is More Careful Now.

In a large apartment house where

several pistol shots have been fired with

fatal results in the last two years a ten-

ant attempted to take a flashlight pic-

ture of his rooms one night recently. It

was late and the transoms over his doors

were open. The camera was in position,

and as he squeezed the rubber bulb of

the flash lamp there was an explosion

that was louder than a pistol shot. The

magnesium powder had been forced back

into the bulb and exploded there. It

was a surprise to the amateur photog-

rapher, but he was not frightened. The

other tenants who had rooms adjoining

his jumped to the conclusion that it

was another suicide. They rushed into

the hall in light costume. The smoke

was drifting through the transoms of

the amateur photographer's doors, and

the excited men in the hall concluded

that the latest tragedy had happened in

that room. They opened the door and

rushed in.

"Well, what the!" began the am-

ateur photographer.

"Drop your gun," shouted the first

man.

"Don't be foolish. We've got you,

old fellow. Just keep quiet," said a

second man as he cautiously edged

around to fall on the photographer's

back before he could shoot again.

"Well, what the!" again began the

photographer, but one of the hallways

who had waited two days on a corner's

jury because of the last shooting grabbed

his right hand to take away the revolver

and found in it only a piece of the rub-

ber bulb. By this time the smoke had

cleared away, and the other intruders

saw the camera. They realized that they

had made a mistake, and they began to

back up with apologies. The amateur

photographer then for the first time un-

derstood the cause of the invasion. Since

that time he has discarded parlor mat-

tresses, and he doesn't dare open a bottle

that is likely to pop.—New York Sun.

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